

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 15.—NO. 9.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 731.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO,
by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

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From the Charleston Mercury.

HOW TO MEET THE SECTIONAL ISSUE.

Mr. EDITOR: There are few, I imagine, who will be disposed to deny that the desire for a dissolution of the Union is becoming daily stronger and more universally entertained throughout the Southern States of the Confederacy. Few of the thoughtful men, whose attention is directed to public affairs, can refrain from acknowledging that their conviction is daily strengthened of the utter impossibility of any plan being devised by which the two contending sections, with such discordant opinions as to vital interests, can be brought to live together in peaceful and friendly association.

Under these circumstances, the question which would seem to arise most properly for grave public deliberation, is, what is to be done to meet the emergency? and a separation so devoutly to be desired.

To this consideration I venture to invoke a small portion of the public attention.

It strikes me, that while a great deal has been written, and still more has been said, upon the policy, propriety, and even necessity, of dissolving the Union, by far too little comparatively has been suggested as to the mode of procedure to be adopted in bringing about, or even meeting, this event in its occurrence.

Southern Conventions and State action of various kinds have been proposed; all either directly or indirectly aiming at the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, or with the hope or chance of such incidental consequence. But the chief difficulty has really arisen from the hesitation, on the part of the Southern people, to assemble a body of men who might transcend their authority, and regard themselves as empowered to make changes in the Constitution to be followed, with more or less certainty, by troubles and confusion. And I think that the want of unanimity in their minds to take a decisive step has been more in consequence of this dread than of any other apprehension.

These objections are not without foundation, but the same time they are far from being insurmountable, and they may, it seems to me, be obviated by the course which might be adopted by the South in the approaching Presidential election.

Resolution may be made to offer a plain and direct, but surely untransmuted with unswerving, and being directed of the ordinary revolutionary terror, leave the public mind unoppressed by rage and paralyzing apprehensions. The South would know exactly what it has to expect.

It can determine fully beforehand as to the adequacy of the results to satisfy its yearnings and complete its objects, while the action would be prompt, definite, and untrammelled by the confusion and disastrous commercial disturbances which so surely alarm the timid and prudent citizens. The approaching contest will be sectional; it will be between the North and the South; between those who seek to persist and destroy the Constitution, and those who wish to uphold and preserve it, between those who seek to transform the Government into a powerful and relentless engine for the plunder and the destruction of the liberty and welfare of one half of the Confederacy, and those who desire to resist aggression, and maintain their just and charterd rights. The opponents in the halls of Congress are not very evenly divided. It is to be supposed that the Southern portion of those representatives is to go to Washington, to aid and abet by their acts in the subversion of our Constitution, or even that they are to sit quietly looking on whilst its destruction is consummated? The idea of such conduct is preposterous. Upon such an assemblage, as men and gentlemen, they should not sit, or sit, as men and gentlemen, they should refuse to go. There is a course, however, open for them and worthy of them. They are numerically, physically, and indeed in every respect, powerful enough, to bear themselves manfully. They have but to resolve upon it, for the authority of their constituents. The Northern candidate (Republican or Free-Soil)—the adherents of Southern rule, it matters not how the adherents will be determined) will have the majority of votes. The Southern candidate will of course be in the minority, the South, as usual in all cases, "coming of second best." Be it so. Let it to this occasion accept his fortune, for once, with something and prudently satisfaction. But let the South, in its minority candidate, represent

setting those stirring to uphold the Constitution, and defeated in the race for the Presidency of the whole Confederacy, to proceed precisely in accordance with the usual forms consequent upon election, and utterly ignoring the Northern choice to organize a Government as on all former occasions, but for the Southern Confederacy—for all those States which may deem it their interest, or signify their desire, to form a part of that Confederacy, or rather remain in it, for this is the true basis of society. Penal settlements have been established as a myth. To the present Government of France is due the merit of endeavoring to deal with the great social evil, the Bagnes, where vice abounds and grows more hideous, to again let some decent respectable, or otherwise, who lend their sympathies, who share in secret their concealed profits, and who are seeking to legalize the results.

Toulon from Roebefort—is disengaged, and not allowed to wear fessile, though permitted to do so in Roebefort. There is also a heavy rumor of a British peer of the realm being among the founders, but as no one has ever seen him, it may be disengaged as a myth. To the present Government of France is due the merit of endeavoring to deal with the great social evil, the Bagnes, where vice abounds and grows more hideous, to again let some decent respectable, or otherwise, who lend their sympathies, who share in secret their concealed profits, and who are seeking to legalize the results.

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THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE AND THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

MR. JAY'S REMARKS ON PRESENTING THE PETITION AGAINST THE SLAVE TRADE, IN THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

MR. PRESIDENT: I rise to present a petition addressed to this convention by members of the Diocesan Church; a petition respectful in its tone and legitimate in its prayer, and as it is short and explains itself more briefly than I could do by an oral explanation, I will read it. *Before reading it, I will remark that I do not propose now to discuss any of the questions it may bring before us, but simply to refer it to a committee of three clergymen and three laymen, with instructions to report thereon to the next Convention, the laiceness of the Bagnes allowing no opportunity for a proper examination of the matter at our present session.*

The petition reads thus:

To the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York.

The undersigned, members of the said church in the said Diocese, respectfully show to your honorable and reverend body that hitherto we have made many efforts to secure the passage of a law to prohibit the importation of slaves into the said Diocese.

That the Convention has been adjourned.

That

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

is scarcely a reformer to be found who does not embrace spiritualism as a fact. And the reason is, because it is a fact. A fact that has dogged all the philosophers and theologians. Spiritualism is a fact, and nothing more. Facts are very far from being reforms. Every creed in Christendom or heathendom, is a fact, and all reformers know that creeds are the greatest obstacles in the way of reforms.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

[The following passage occurs in a recent speech made at Bremen by Theodore Tilton, of Brooklyn.]

Some time ago—yes as long ago as the cold weather of Christmas—which is the slave's holiday, when the happy festival comes round when he is to be bought and sold—a poor slave woman was kidnapped, by the aid of her husband, who was a free man, to escape from bondage; with her two little children, and to cross Chesapeake Bay in an open boat. Shortly after they set sail, a violent north-west wind forced them to go ashore at Annapolis. The little weather-beaten party having a suspicious look, a project was immediately set on foot to arrest and throw them into jail. The husband'sanguine eye was keen enough to see the trap before he fell into it. He hurried his wife and children into the boat, and, notwithstanding the weather, embarked. The storm and cold increased, and their fear increased with it. They trembled at the thought of landing a second time on an inhospitable shore. The man—who was a boat-builder by trade, and of some skill as a sailor—trimmed his sail to keep the boat afloat. The water dashed over the bow, and the mother begged her infant to her breast to keep life in its body. But life could not be kept there long. Little by little the cold crept through the limbs of the babe, and chilled its blood. The mother looked at her infant as it lay still in her arms. The poor woman shed her tears upon the little face, but they were shed in vain. The child was dead—dead from the cold! She begged it alone in her bosom all day long, but at night her husband lit a fire over the side of the boat, and dropped it with a red-hot broad; exchanges are made, so that hardly any man's messenger proves to be his own property. The salary is paid to "Massa" and everything goes on smoothly.

This method of "raising the wind" comes legitimately under the head of what may be called sharp practices. A Northern man may go to Washington; and in the manner to which we refer, purchase and pay for, in one year, negroes enough to stock a small plantation. The morality of thus imposing negro labor upon the government, and excluding industries and needy white men, is not doubtful.—*Con. Times.*

South. The age grand object of their party is to extend and perpetuate the institution of woman-slavery, and it is all right that a woman should, in these, represent the force with which they have to contend. Mutilating women and burning them to death, are not suitable employment for the American Democrats, and we like to see them stick to their trade."

By a private letter from St. Cloud we learn that the clergy of Mrs. S. was duly honored according to the programme! Disgraceful!—*Minnesotian.*

THE SALARIES OF NEGRO SLAVES AT WASHINGTON

We have frequently exposed some of the "tricks and traps" of slave-holding in the national Capital; but there is one little method of pocketing the public funds which we have never seen alluded to in the press of the country: we refer to the practice of hiring negro slaves, the property of prominent officials, to the general government. Complaints are made every day that negroes, in a great number of cases, usurp the post of messenger, &c., which might be filled by white men. If the colored population were benefited or compensated in the operation, objections could not be very well sustained; but the truth is, these "office-holders" are the property of members of the Cabinet and other gentlemen high in place under the Administration. The distinguished officer, whose salary ranges from three thousand to eight thousand dollars per annum, takes some of his colored servants from Virginia, or some other State, and distributes them in the departments. The venerable descendant of the wife of George Washington stands at the door, and answers the questions of all persons that have business with the Secretary. The men of color are not generally to be found in the department of the owner; the thing would look like that, (pointing to the walls,) we should not hear of such awful catastrophes as fill your papers; two this very month, the last in yesterday's "Paris papers." This young man, apparently not over twenty-five years of age, is evidently regarded and treated with the greatest deference and respect by the contractor, sub-contractor and men.

THE FILLIBUSTERING FLEA

It is a notable evidence of our great commercial prosperity that our Collectors of Customs are, as a rule, so much absorbed in gathering the dues of the Government that they quite lose the power of collecting their own wits in a way to be useful to themselves or others. To day the information reaches us that the Mantellini of pirates, Mr. William Walker, has for the sixth or seventh time "eluded" our neutrality laws, and given collector Hatch of New Orleans the slip, has gone off in a steamer to Nicaragua with a new batch of demons, worse than himself, there to enter once more into that unhappy country, which was supposed so short a time since to have been so thoroughly swept and garnished and cleaned of him and his forces. We must, of course, await further developments before commenting upon the responsibility of our Government in respect to this fresh scandal, but it really would seem to be tolerably clear that if Mr. Buchanan hopes to expire officially in peace and honor, he must bend whatever energies he possesses or can command to the extinction of this great Fillibustering flea, whose annoying industry and disproportionate agility will never be quenched until he shall have finally been firmly caught and nipped between the Presidential thumb and the British forefinger.—*N. Y. Times.*

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Mr. Paul B. Du Chaffeu, a young French-American, who has recently returned from a tour of exploration in the interior of Africa, to which he was impelled solely by his scientific and philanthropic pursuits, writes for the *New York Tribune* an account of slavery and the effect of the slave trade in that country. If he is good authority, slavery, in all the barbarous lands which he visited, is milder in power and less terrible in its consequences than the same institution among the ancient Jews. In no part of Africa visited by him is the condition of servitude hereditary in families. All are born free—even the children of the bondsmen; hence, subsequent slavery is the accident of war, the consequences of crime, or the result of punishment.

The effect of the foreign slave trade upon the unfortunate tribes whom it reaches is briefly but graphically described. Says Du Chaffeu:

"Some, I may say almost with tears, in the foreign slave trade for the market of the white man."

"Poor, down-trodden Africa! When will the civilized world cease to send its vessels to buy the people; when will this most abominable traffic cease, when will humanity triumph over the love of gain; when will the nations of the earth unite together, and listen to the cries of thy woes; when will they understand the sorrows of wretchedness we bear upon thee?"

"We know not, nor can we conceive of, the misery which is visited upon poor, benighted Africa, unless we go among the numberless tribes which people its shores. But I cannot doubt, that if the civilized world could see how great that wickedness is, there is Christianity enough and philanthropy enough to end it. If the voice of one who has been a lonely traveller and wanderer among them can help but feel by telling the miseries he has seen, and which have been occasioned by the foreign slave trade, he will be too glad to be able to render that service."

"Go anywhere along the shores of Africa, and one is sure to see, wherever the slave trade has been carried on, natives who form the worst, and most wretched population. There is more drunkenness than elsewhere, more trouble of every sort, more wickedness, a lower morality, more crime, more iniquity, than is seen in any other tribe. It is easy to understand this. The slave-dealer arrives with his cargoes of rum and of goods. It is his interest to keep, I should say almost all the time, the people in a state of drunkenness, that he may have power over them, and that they may carry on their iniquitous traffic without scruple. So for years it goes on, until the conscience of the natives is perfectly obliterated. We all know that the Africans are poor and degraded, and we all ought to know that it makes them ten times worse when we go among them to establish the slave trade. How long shall we tolerate those unprincipled men who carry on this iniquitous traffic, and who care nothing for the woes they bring upon the Africans, provided their karakoum ashore are well filled with the spoils of the wars of these unfortunate tribes?"

"Let us realize for a moment the woes we send on this doomed land. On the arrival of the slaves in front of the Hall, and had we dressed in a fury to be born. They danced and yelled, and beat drums and shrieked, and shouted, and swore and had a comfortable time generally; but we had not passed the auto-de-fe when the meeting adjourned, and we have not heard this morning whether we were burnt or laid aside for another time."

"This is about the last act in the great Lowry regime, under which men who had incurred the wrath of 'giving Indian' were mangled and lynched, as equally as a mad dog would have been shot, and under which Judge Goodrich was bloused down here in the fall of '57, and refused the right to reply to a gross personal insult."

"The great Winsbush must have changed his plan of getting rid of us for the original program, we was to drown us, or die, as until we would accept the law, as he did the man who settled on some of the many thousand acres he claims the right to preempt. But the moose Chief does us, quite too much honor to make us the representatives of that advancing tide of civilization which is fast driving him to the head of the Rial River. At a late meeting in Winsbush, the Land Office, made up the text of his profound oration; and it is well enough that the moose clique should fight under their true colors. They are the representatives of the woman whipping, baby stealing chivalry of the

South. The age grand object of their party is to extend and perpetuate the institution of woman-slavery, and it is all right that a woman should, in these, represent the force with which they have to contend. Mutilating women and burning them to death, are not suitable employment for the American Democrats, and we like to see them stick to their trade."

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A FRENCH NIGGER ON AMERICA RAIL-WAYS

A correspondent of the *New York Post*, writing from Switzerland says:

The section of the "Danub-Swiss" which passes through Verey and Montreux is engineered by a negro, an intelligent Frenchman—not a mulatto, but a veritable black, with wool three inches thick, which, however, contrary to the popular prejudice, does not intercept the passage of the ideas outward, into practical usefulness. Immediately opposite the house I inhabit, the railroad runs near the communal road that the embankment, which is some twenty feet above grade, has obliged to build two walls to the full height, twenty feet. The walls are seven feet thick at the base, making fourteen feet the two, gradually diminishing to four each (at the top), the space between being filled with earth and stones. I said to the engineer, the other day, "Is not that wall unnecessarily thick? I never saw such a piece of masonry." His reply was, "No, you Americans build all your bridges and viaducts too lightly. I am familiar with many American works and articles on railroad architecture. You have yet much to learn from us. If you were to build like that, (pointing to the walls,) we should not hear of such awful catastrophes as fill your papers." This young man, apparently not over twenty-five years of age, is evidently regarded and treated with the greatest deference and respect by the contractor, sub-contractor and men.

Many interesting relics of the expedition on the western shore of King William's Island and others were obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated that after their abandonment one ship was crushed in the ice and sunk, and the other forced on shore, where she remained. The Fox was unable to penetrate beyond Bells Strait, and wintered in Beaufort Bay. Minute and interesting details of the expedition are published. Several skeletons of Franklin's men, large quantities of clothing, &c., and a duplicate record up to the abandonment of the ships were discovered.

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Mr. Paul B. Du Chaffeu, a young French-American, who has recently returned from a tour of exploration in the interior of Africa, to which he was impelled solely by his scientific and philanthropic pursuits, writes for the *New York Tribune* an account of slavery and the effect of the slave trade in that country. If he is good authority, slavery, in all the barbarous lands which he visited, is milder in power and less terrible in its consequences than the same institution among the ancient Jews. In no part of Africa visited by him is the condition of servitude hereditary in families. All are born free—even the children of the bondsmen; hence, subsequent slavery is the accident of war, the consequences of crime, or the result of punishment.

THE FILLIBUSTERING FLEA

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

THE DUEL.

Senator Broderick died as the tool of the higher law in which he believed, was the so-called law of honor. Through himself a lawmaker for the people, he deliberately, and understandingly, and disingenuously trampled on the laws of his country, practically denying their authority, and exalted for above them the thrice accursed code by which the duelist justifies murder. The stakes for which he played were, in the winter of 1850, the honor, death. He was willing to abide by the laws of the game—he played it, and lost.

Senator Broderick may have displayed many excellent traits of character in private life; we never heard enough to induce us to think otherwise. It is not that in politico he was far in advance of the party with which he was connected; we hope for his own sake that he was. But to attempt to erect him into a martyr who had fallen in defense of free speech, seems to us very far from the truth; and when the *Pittsburgh Gazette* gives the shooting of Senator Broderick, with the pistol in his hand, and murder in his heart, in the assault made upon Senator Sumner, at once is evident to the absent Senator of Massachusetts, and to his constituents in the old Bay State.

As for Chief Justice Terry—he is a murderer, and the brand of Cain is upon his brow. Until he repents of the deed he harbors, he should be excluded from the sympathies of society, and visited with the punishment of its moral indignation.

THE UNION AGAIN SAVED.

We learn from some of our Republican friends that the election returns from Ohio and Pennsylvania indicate that the Union is again saved, and will stay saved for the coming two years. However this may be, of one thing we feel assured: our duty is now, and will be hereafter, to labor to convince the people, that a Union which was purchased with the bondman's rights, *must* be saved, but should be promptly and utterly destroyed.

THE SPEECH OF JUDGE JAY.

Those who have thought it possible that the Episcopal Church of this country was in anywise tainted with humanity, are referred to the report which the representatives of that body in New York, gave to a motion made by Judge Jay, asking them to refer to a committee, a memorial against the re-opening of the African Slave Trade. The request was certainly not honored with any large amount of ultramontanism, nor were the memorials noted for their fanatical views. But their written prayer was scouted at and derided, and the motion tabled; for the practical liturgy of the church is, "From the saint of all ultramontanism, from the holding of all fanatical sentiments, from contempt in all humanitarian reforms, God, Lord, deliver us!" It needs not the public and frequent confessions which the members of that church make, that "We have done many things we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought to do," for the fact of such sins of commission and omission is patent to community, and should cover the church with shame.

REWARDISM.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *A. S. Budget* gives the following expression of opinion for one of the most sagacious and influential Republicans he is acquainted with:

"I am afraid of Seward. If he should be elected with I don't think possible—from the strong opposition to him of Pennsylvania friends—he will appoint the hawks of his antislavery friends. He will be in the North what General Lee was in the South—only worse so. The slaveholders, dismayed by Taylor, and they came to Tartar. If the anti-slavery men get Seward, they will be in the same position, only a worse one. He will make friends of men, and enemies of right. It is his way—As Washington is always hell-bentching with the Whigs, so is he in his course in regard to Lincoln. You may depend, if elected, his first object will be popularize his administration at the South. To this end he will do acts that will please the slaveholders and disappoint the man who put him in power."

The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* represents a similar feeling prevailing in the Ohio at Wheeling, will have a span of one thousand feet. Each of its four cables contains 1,600 yards of wire, and the estimated cost of the whole is \$27,500.

The man who headed the mob which a twelve-months ago destroyed the press of Mrs. Swallow, at St. Cloud, is the Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota.

The warm season which has just closed, appears to have been very fatal to canine longevity in New York City, no less than 3,682 dogs, and 387 puppies having been seized by the authorities and sentenced to death—a few were reprieved, but most of them suffered the penalty. The city paid for culling them, 50 cents a head for the dogs, and 25 cents for the pups. Their hides are manufactured into goat skins; and what becomes of their flesh does not certainly appear, but may be inferred from the abundance of sausages, and the cheapness of real pins in that metropolis.

CHIP BASKET.

At the recent opening of a railroad in England, the workmen had a dinner given them, the principal feature of which was a "Devonshire dumpling," in form of a cone, measuring 8 feet in diameter at the base, and 13 feet in height. It was baked in sections, and weighed 2,100 lbs.

The right and propriety of the British government to protect Nicaragua against the incursions of filibusters, having been recognized by Secretary Cass, the English forces will probably have some success in their operations against Walker and his followers, than has the United States government, which—smash or other—always manages to be outwitted by the grey-eyed man of destiny.

Longfellow recently gave a deposit in London for the benefit of Florence Nightingale, at which the amount amounted to \$10,000.

Massachusetts annually appropriates about \$14,000 for the encouragement of agriculture. The State has had three military encampments this year, in which it expended \$20,000. Few and Indians forever!

Mr. Worcester has a Mrs. Corey Bellotti an American never in Detroit, and was much injured by her. Her husband recently recovered the damages of the city for the same.

At the present time there are 600 convicts in

BUCK BETWEEN BRODERICK AND TERRY.

From the New York Tribune.
BUCK BETWEEN BRODERICK AND TERRY.

The New England Times of the 16th says: In accordance with the anticipation of most of the community, the expected duel between the Hon. David C. Broderick, U. S. Senator from California and the Hon. David S. Terry, Judge of the Supreme Court, took place yesterday morning at a small dell or valley some ten miles distant from Mercer Lake.

The parties went out of town the night previous and passed the night in separate localities.

At a quarter past 6 o'clock Messrs. Broderick and Terry arrived on their ground in their respective carriages and attended by their seconds and physician Hon. J. C. McKibbin, and Mr. Cutler as seconds for Mr. Broderick, and Calhoun, Houston, and Thos. Hayes, Esqrs., seconds for Judge Terry. On descending from their carriages the parties assumed the best of spirits, neither appearing at all anxious or nervous as to the results. About half an hour was occupied in arrangements. Ten paces were marked off and tested by their seconds, and the principals placed in their relative positions.

The seconds had already directed them of their outside coats, white collars, which might present prominent targets upon which to take aim.

The two principals were directed of their watches and the coin in their pockets. The coin taken from Mr. Broderick's second Mr. McKibbin placed in his own vest pocket. Judge Terry threw his parole upon the sod. One of the seconds then read aloud the code-duello from a written manuscript which occupied but a short time. Mr. Cutler then addressed the two gentlemen saying in effect that he wished it to be understood that he should count one, two, after the word "fire," after which he should say stop—stop that must be fired after that. During this time the two principals maintained their positions and Relaxed with compunction to these details. Judge Terry stood with his head thrown slightly back, looking towards his antagonist. Each held his pistol in his hand pointed to the ground.

Each was dressed in black clothes and wore a slouched Folsom hat. Mr. Broderick stood erect but his head rather down. He pulled the rim of his hat down about his eyes as if to shut them from the light. The positions of the two were somewhat different, Judge Terry maintained that of a practical duelist, presenting only the edge of his pistol to his antagonist and keeping his left hand and shoulder well behind him. Mr. Broderick, on the contrary, though at first assuming a position somewhat similar to that of the other, seemed to prefer a more careless and less concealed of his, and presented more of his body to the fire of his opponent. His pistol he held in his hand rather awkwardly, and seeming to feel this himself, he once or twice turned the wrist of his pistol arm to the right with his left hand, as though endeavoring to comply with some prescribed directions previously given him. He took one good look at his antagonist, and ran his eye rapidly along the ground from his own position, as if drawing a bee line between the two. From that time he did not raise his eyes until the word was given to fire. Once his right foot got a fraction beyond the line, when Mr. McKibbin stepped forward and repeated it.

The bearing of Judge Terry, though he assumed a more practiced and motionless attitude, was not so far from that of an iron nerve man than was that of Mr. Broderick.

At a quarter before 7 o'clock Mr. Cutler pronounced the words—"are you ready?"

"Ready," responded Judge Terry, and "Ready" was uttered by Mr. Broderick immediately after.

Fire—one—two—was pronounced in moderate quick time.

Mr. Broderick raised his pistol and had scarcely brought it to an angle of forty-five degrees from its downward position and in a few steps toward his opponent, when, owing to the delinquency of the hair trigger, it was discharged, the ball entering the ground about four paces in advance of him.

Judge Terry fired a few instants later, taking deliberate aim. There was a perceptible interval in the two reports. At that instant Mr. Broderick was observed to clasp his left hand to the right side of his breast, when it was then he was wounded.

He reeled slowly to the left and before his seconds could reach him he fell to the ground with his right leg doubled under him and still grasping his weapon.

Judge Terry, upon discharging his pistol, immediately folded his arms, holding the pistol still smoking in his hand, but not moving from his position. The seconds of Mr. Broderick immediately ran to his aid, and Dr. Locher commenced to staunch the wound, with lime. The bullet had entered just forward of the nipple, and had lodged as it was supposed under the left乳. Previous to this Judge Terry with his friend, left the field driving rapidly into town and started at once from North Beach where a boat was in readiness to take him to Oakland, where he took a private conveyance to Martinez. The seconds of Mr. Broderick immediately followed him, and Dr. Locher commenced to staunch the wound, with lime. The bullet had entered just forward of the nipple, and had lodged as it was supposed under the left乳. 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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

From Our Own.

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.

While lounging, the other day, in a medical library, I chanced to take up a little volume, the subtitle of which led me to dip into it—"Biggs on Artificial Limbs." I had heard of the skillful artificial mechanician of Leicester Square, whom the Queen delighted to honor with commissions for ingeniously devised limbs for wounded soldiers during the Crimean war, but never realized to myself the art with which man can eke out the defects of nature until I glanced over this little volume, the contents of which so struck me, that I was determined to see for myself how far that amazing man can simulate the framework of our great mother. I was received cordially, and on explaining the nature of my errand, was assisted to pass through the different workshops to satisfy my curiosity.

A very few minutes' conversation with my con-
doctor left the impression upon my mind, instead of having any profound respect for Nature, he looked upon her as sometimes rather in the way than otherwise, for, happening to ask him playfully, as a kind of starting question, with how small a modicum of humanity he could manage to work, "Sir," said he, very seriously, "you only want the vital principle, give us nervous centers and sound viscera, and we find all the rest."

"But I am not prepared for this liberal offer, suppose a man had only three inches of stamp?"

"Three inches of stamp?" he replied, contemptuously, "with that allowance we could do anything. There is," said he, somewhere in Ireland, a gentleman born without limbs, who goes about in a clothes-basket strapped on his horse's back. If we could only get hold of him, his friends, in six weeks, would not know him."

An inspection of my friend's ankles, certainly went far to justify the confident spirit in which his assistant spoke. I soon found out that there are first, second, and third-class limbs, however, as of everything else.

"What?" said I, "do you make banisters as well as legs?" pointing to a shelf-full neatly turned and painted.

"Banisters! my dear sir," he replied, a little hasty, "these are our Chelsea pensioners!"

And on a closer examination such they proved to be. Here was the hard third-class fact simple and unadorned.

"And these blocks!" I rejoined, pointing to some dozen of hollow wooden cores placed one within another.

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"Fingers, too, nose, lips—we take them as they appear. A gentleman with but one finger on his left hand came to us the other day, and asked to have the replacement made up. We fitted on the ring, and attached them by means of a clasp ring on the remaining finger—movement perfect; you should see him pass his fingers through his hair—natural as life. The hand is a wonderful thing—but the legs are mere A. B. C., but the hand! Black" said he, ribbiting like his secretary admiration of nature, "there is a drawing of a pretty thing. A Hothorn's Bay trapper had his hand bitten off by a bear, and came to us to replace it."

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"And eyes?" I added, deeply interested.

"Eyes we do not do so much in," he added apologetically. "There is M. Balsone, from Paris, who travels with all the eyes of Europe from the black of Andalusia to the blues of Scandinavia."

"But how are they applied?"

"Easily as possible," he added, pulling out a drawer and displaying the upturned glass of winking scores. "Let me see," said he, rapidly taking up one after another, and comparing them with my own. "Light gray—that's a good match. Now, with this little tiny Jimmy we get the eye into its socket; the muscle being left, we get good motion, and the deception is perfect. A lid once closed has good eye and winks up to the glass to see her false one. There is one little drawback, however; you can wipe away a cold tear perfectly, but as the eyeball itself is not sensitive, the fine sometimes walk about upon it, which looks odd."

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